

Good Morning 742

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

He Pinched the Crown and Tickled the King

STUART MARTIN writes about World's Biggest Burglar

THE other day I was asked who I considered the greatest burglar in history. There was only one answer; and my inquirer wouldn't believe that a man once stole the British Regalia—Crown, Sceptre and Orb!

But it was done, and the name of the audacious thief was Colonel Thomas Blood. If I add that he was an Irishman, the picture is complete.

The Crown could not possibly be stolen to-day, so get any such idea out of your head. And get another error out of it also, namely, that it is kept at the Tower. Replicas, maybe, but the Crown—no!

TO place Colonel Blood you have to go back to the days when Charles II was hobnobbing with Nell Gwynne and other dames. Charles rather liked a bold man; and Blood was bold and audacious. He bluffed Charles in the end, as you shall see.

Blood's father was owner of an ironworks in Ireland, and Thomas is said to have been born in 1618. He was a young blade from his youth. When the Civil War broke out he joined the Parliamentary forces, rose to the rank of Colonel, and became one of the mainstays of the Army when the "curse of Cromwell" fell on Ireland. He got considerable estates for his work, but when the King came into his own again Blood was deprived of his land and an income of £500 a year. That rankled.

When the Puritan party got busy with their rising in 1663, the Duke of Ormonde ruled Ireland. Blood was in the plot to seize Dublin Castle (and Ormonde), but somebody blew the gaff and there were wholesale arrests. But Blood escaped.

I have to hurry over his career to get to his big effort. Suffice to say that the gallant Colonel came to London, was seen by Samuel Pepys, and almost openly joined up with the set known as Fifth Monarchy Men—who didn't want any monarch. There is a story that he actually was a Government spy.

When the Fifth Monarchy Men failed in their plot, Colonel Blood (who had given them away) went up to Scotland and joined the Covenanters. He was not very successful there, and the battle of Pentland Hills, in November, 1666, settled his hash for the time being. But like an elephant, Blood never forgot.

Calling Sto. George Polson

STOKER GEORGE POLSON, take a bow. There has been an epidemic of people asking for you. We heard all about it when we called at your home at 3, Crimon Place, Aberdeen.

Most important item is that girl friend Dorothy Nelson is almost a nightly visitor on finishing for the day at the glove factory.

The folks at the Town House keep asking for you when the messenger takes over the minutes to be printed at Corn-wall's, where your brother Jim is making grand progress as an apprentice compositor.

"Jock" Adam and "Jock" Skene, the two town sergeants, send special regards. "Jock" Adam, as an old Marine, has a special interest in you. He was in the winning golf team in the Maitland Shield. Tubby and all; he's still a grand golfer.

Good news about your Dad's leg. He says to tell you it is better than it has ever been. Your mother is looking well, too, and is very proud of that last photo you sent. Dad is still following the fortunes of Caledonian F.C., who will be in the Junior League next season. He is on the committee.

Brother Bill is still engineering with Wilson's but expects to be dereserved in August. He is hoping to get away to sea in the Merchant Navy.

his real wife, for she was lying sick in Lancashire at the time.

Anyway, old Edwards was charmed with the polite parson who talked theology; and while the visitors were admiring the Crown the "wife" suddenly became dizzy and faint. Excitement, maybe. She was given restoratives and allowed to lie down on Mrs. Edwards' bed while the "parson" and Edwards continued talking. Then, when the "wife" had recovered, the two went away.

A few days later came a present of a pair of white gloves to Mrs. Edwards for her kindness. The "parson" delivered the gloves himself, and became quite friendly. He came again, and again, and during one visit he met the daughter of the keeper, a comely wench. Now, said the "parson," here was a girl who should be seeking a husband. And he had a nephew who had large estates and was looking for a wife. What about it? Let the two be introduced to each other, at any rate.

The Edwards were charmed more and more. They made an arrangement for the nephew to call. In those days, when people got up early, it was no unusual custom to make a call at 7 a.m. On that day and at that hour the "parson" came—with two men friends. The "parson" explained that his nephew had been delayed, but would be along directly, and meantime they could pass the time looking at the Crown Jewels.

There was one point the "parson" didn't explain, and that was that another man was standing outside in the yard. The Edwards people did not know of this fourth visitor. Really he was a scout, placed there by Blood to raise the alarm if necessary.

Well, in the four went to the Jewel House, and the chest was unlocked—and Edwards was seized and gagged. He knew then that something was wrong, as the thieves grabbed the Crown, and he struggled so much that Blood ran him through with his sword. Down fell Edwards, seemingly dead.

Blood took the Crown, crushed it so that he could hide it under his cloak. A second man (Parrot by name) was wearing very wide breeches, and into them he pushed the Orb. The Sceptre was rather long for the third man to handle, so they produced a file and began to cut it in half.

They were at this business when the scout outside raised the alarm. Someone was coming. The someone was the son of old Edwards, home on unexpected leave from the war in Flanders.

And on top of this, old Edwards managed to tear the gag from his mouth and let out a yell, "The Crown is stolen. Treason! Help!"

By this time young Edwards had entered the house and was looking for his mother and sister. The three came running to the Jewel House, and there saw the old man lying unconscious, covered with blood.

Young Edwards acted quickly. Out of the place he ran, raising the alarm, right on to Tower Hill. Parrot, who had the Orb down his pants, found he couldn't move quickly enough, so threw the Orb away and beat it. He got away. (If it is any satisfaction to you, I can tell you he was later hanged for taking part in the Monmouth Rebellion. He was a major-general then.)

But Colonel Blood, no longer a parson, was by this time on his horse. He might have escaped, but his horse slipped on the cobbles and down he came. Before he could disentangle himself from the stirrups he was caught.

The crushed Crown was taken back, Blood was shoved into a cell in the Tower. It was the tightest corner he had ever been in. For this was a capital offence against not a mere private citizen, but against the King's majesty!

When the law officers came to interrogate them he told them he had nothing to say to them, but wanted to talk privately with the King. Nobody else. It must be the King.

It was a master card to play. He added to the trump by saying that if the King would not hear him, then the King would be assassinated by his followers, who had a plot hatching.

The King heard him. And there, facing Charles II, Colonel Blood told him that already His Majesty's life had been in his (Blood's) hands and His Majesty had been spared. For



"H'm! Skipper cut that rather fine!"

one day previously he had lain in wait by the Thames when Charles went down to bathe, but the sight of the bathing King so overawed him that he did not raise his sword. It was a good story.

Charles, who liked a bit of praise about his "beautiful body," was "tickled to death," as they say. He admired audacious men. And Colonel Blood was nothing if not that.

Instead of sending Blood back to prison, where the people were waiting for him, Charles granted him a pardon for all his offences, restored his forfeited estates, and the Duke of Buckingham (who hated the Duke of Ormonde) introduced him to the Court. Charles went back to Nell Gwynne.

The Colonel had a gay time, but was still a rebel. He quarrelled with Buckingham, who had him put in prison; but Blood beat them to it even then. He died on August 24, 1680, after a very short illness, in his bed, when everybody had expected him to die by the sword.

He was the only man who ever stole the British Crown.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Message and P.S. for A.B. Andrew Ogston

A COMPLIMENT awaited us when we said "Good Morning" at 5, Cloverfield Gardens, Bucksburn, near Aberdeen, home of A.B. Andrew Ogston.

Your dad, Andrew, was working at the paper mills, but he left a message to be sent to you. Here it is, as written in the note that awaited us:—

"This is a surprise for you, Andy. How do you like "Good Morning"? I think it is a great paper and a great idea. It's great to think that you lads are kept in touch in this way. We are very proud to get in the paper and can picture your surprise when you open it one morning and see the photo from home. Everybody is well at No. 5. Sandy and Fred are doing fine. Cheerio, lad, and hurry home. Love from all, Dad."

Well, here's a picture of your mother, Andy, with your youngest brother, Peter, and his pet Wendy, nearly a year old now. How Peter loves that puppy! In the picture, too, is Vera Boam, your brother Sandy's fiancée.

Peggy, your kid sister (and, we were told, your favourite), was at work in the shop in Bucksburn, where she is very happy, and could not make the

photo. She regretted this very much. She is always asking for you.

Brother Fred is now in the Far East with the Black Watch and Sandy in the Middle East, with the R.E.'s.

By the way, you didn't know that Fred, when he was doing his training in Ireland, got the medal for best recruit in his I.T.C. It adorns his picture in the parlour. A nice looking medal, with a red-white-and-blue ribbon. Your mother is very proud of it.

Bucksburn is looking very bonnie these sunny days, Andy. The local Muglemiss F.C. have had a good season and may be shifting to a new and better pitch in the new season.

Everybody in the village who knew you sends their best regards, particularly the lads at the farm down the road where you worked before joining up.

We have a most important post-script to add to your news from home, Andrew.

Your mother said we must be sure to mention that your fiancée, Mary, is well and would have liked very much to have been in the picture, but she was working at the time. Anyway she sends her love and hopes to see you soon.



THE GOLDEN GALLEON

Another 3-day story with a sea-salt tang

IT'S a rotten feeling to know that here you are on board a Gulf fishing clipper with your ice going wrong and plenty of fish out between Alchafal Head and Cape Catoche, yet a blow racing along the whole of the Mexican Gulf keeping you at anchorage.

That's how we were when Paddy Malone stepped aboard with the week's supply of newspapers and dumped them on deck.

"If we were a tugboat," said Paddy, as he cuddled into the lea of the bulwarks, where we sat and played cards by the break of the fo'c'sle, "we'd be blessin' this hurric'ne no end. Bein' just part duck. One of the doggoned luck of thinkin' of the fish we can't catch."

"What's the news, Paddy?" I asked, taking hold of one of the newspapers and ripping it from the bundle. "Are the tugs gettin' ready to bring in ships that's lost their ways?"

"You bet they are," answered Paddy. "Up in the town there's hardly a saloon but's filled with all. We had had Dave Dannel as tug skippers and engineers, and our one-and-only mate for some months. He had come down to New Orleans because he had had his ticket suspended over the loss of a freighter that ran between the Colon and Baltimore. Maybe you heard about the Trident affair. It was hard lines on Dave, but he was so doggoned slow of movement both of brain and body that he had been knocked out by the verdict of the court. He had been first mate of one of the boats that are disabled between here and Vera Cruz."

Paddy glanced aft to where our one-and-only mate sat picking his teeth near the galley. He was a big man, this mate, and there was a feeling among us that he was as soft as he was big.

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You know the kind: Heavy featured, slow moving, with little eyes that looked out from under his puckered brows vacantly. His name was Dave Dannel, and he was as much at home on our little clipper as a steam navy would be in a six foot drain.

"There's going to be a race out for the Manitau," said Paddy loudly, with intention that his words should reach the one-and-only mate's ears. "She's overdue, they say she's somewhere in the north of the Tropic of Cancer, in his reckoning. Anyway, it ended in Dannel being reprimanded, having his ticket suspended, and losing his job with his owners. And that is as good as telling a man that he can start another trade."

The shipping offices all along the Atlantic seaboard, and those on the Pacific, too, were closed to Dave. He had drifted down and cadged a job among us clippers. But Botwood, the skipper that had caused Dave to be thrown out on the scrap heap, had been given another ship, and she was the Manitau, bigger and heavier than the Trident, and a good sea boat.

So we all snatched up newspapers and buried our faces in them, waiting.

The reason Paddy Malone had spoken so loudly was known to us all. We had had Dave Dannel as our one-and-only mate for some months. He had come down to New Orleans because he had had his ticket suspended over the loss of a freighter that ran between the Colon and Baltimore. Maybe you heard about the Trident affair. It was hard lines on Dave, but he was so doggoned slow of movement both of brain and body that he had been knocked out by the verdict of the court. He had been first mate of one of the boats that are disabled between here and Vera Cruz."

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worn out because of a squall that had struck them just before they reached the Bahamas, and he handed the wheel over to Dannel last with us.

And Dave Dannel sent the Trident ashore on one of the cays. She was a total loss. The sand swallowed her up in no time, and the crew came off by boat.

There was a great fuss at the inquiry. Botwood said he had given the course to Dannel; the latter admitted it, but thought the skipper had made a mistake in his reckoning. Anyway, it ended in Dannel being reprimanded, having his ticket suspended, and losing his job with his owners. And that is as good as telling a man that he can start another trade.

The shipping offices all along the Atlantic seaboard, and those on the Pacific, too, were closed to Dave. He had drifted down and cadged a job among us clippers. But Botwood, the skipper that had caused Dave to be thrown out on the scrap heap, had been given another ship, and she was the Manitau, bigger and heavier than the Trident, and a good sea boat.

She came into port now and then when we were discharging our fish, and we noticed that Dannel never looked up at Botwood as the huge ship slid past.

But Botwood hadn't forgot Dannel, and he had spread the story of the loss of the Trident all along the docks.

Of course, there was only one reason for him doing that. He wanted Dannel cleared out and kept on the move, but our owners didn't act in a hurry and they were "considering" what they would do when the gale that kept us into harbour burst over the Gulf. We all of us knew that the "consideration" would mean that our next trip would be Dave's about the heaviest witted individual you ever met. The sentence he had received in the court of inquiry on the Trident seemed to have dulled him. You could walk up to him any day and tell him that there was six foot of water in the hold of our clipper and you'd get the same answer.

We didn't say a word, but Paddy, who couldn't hold his tongue for long, let out a guffaw and squinted up at Dannel. "See they've discovered a golden galleon over by Barataria Bay?"

The one-and-only mate didn't answer. His eyes were still roving up and down the newspaper he held in his hand.

"There's a piece in this here paper," went on Paddy, addressing the rest of us, "that says an old Spanish galleon's bones are sticking up out of the mud near the Head. Some son of a gun of a yachtsman discovered it and he's goin' to start divin' Think he'll get doubloons and gold. Guess us fishermen could do wit' that luck. Looka hear, Dave, how'd you like to find a golden galleon?"

The one-and-only mate smiled feebly. His eyes were still on the paper in his hand.

"I'm tellin' you," insisted Paddy, "that there's a golden galleon lying in the mud over by Barataria Bay."

This time Dannel lifted his eyes off the paper and glanced at Paddy. There was a far-away look on his face and his tongue was licking his lips.

"Is that so?" he said. Then he let go the paper he was holding and walked aft, and sat down on his stool near the galley.

It was the kind of answer we had expected. Dave Dannel was about the heaviest witted individual you ever met. The sentence he had received in the court of inquiry on the Trident seemed to have dulled him. You could walk up to him any day and tell him that there was six foot of water in the hold of our clipper and you'd get the same answer.

You could tell him that the fish in the ship were all gone bad or that we were all to get a bonus for our fine catches (which would have been the nearest approach to a miracle possible) and you'd have been greeted with that irritating phrase: "Is that so?"

Paddy Malone looked after him and then sighed. "I thought he'd have stirred at the news Botwood was comin' back," he muttered. "I don't believe Dave Dannel ran that freighter on the sand all by himself. You boys know how he can handle a ship."

We agreed on that, even Old Mike, the finest seaman in the whole seining fleet, who was on our clipper, nodded his head energetically.

"Dat's one blame good seaman," he said. "Remember the time he ran us through the blizzard that raged all the way from Tampico to the roadstead here? Dat wasn't bad seamanship, hey? He found dis harbour in snow and fog. All de same I wish he'd steal dat golden galleon. Just for luck, like. Den he could quit. I'd help him do it."

"We all would," I said. "There was no right verdict over that Trident affair. But if he won't shake himself up there ain't anything to it."

You know how sailors talk. We were still deep in it when a voice came from aft!

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

waring, how would you pronounce his name?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Briar pipe, Meerschaum, Calabash, Cherry-wood, Clay pipe?

Answers to Quiz in No. 741

1. Name two famous comedians whose first name is "Will."
2. In what county is the Forest of Charnwood?
3. Who is the traditional inventor of the harp, and about when did he live?
4. For what do the letters D.C.L. stand?
5. If you knew a Mr. Main-

1. Charles Dickens.
2. Mineral.
3. A set of glass tumblers mounted on a board and used for playing simple tunes; "musical glasses."
4. Cyclists' Touring Club.
5. As-kew.
6. Telegram is never in the sender's own writing; others are.

Nosing into History

THE Greeks had no word for it. It just didn't exist. Maybe they were unaware of any necessity for using it in the interests of good taste. They just let Nature take its course, however undignified that may have been; even the Romans got along without it for many centuries, and it was not until the custom grew of employing it in their theatres to indicate approval of the show that it started to come into its own.

It was the modest handkerchief.

Curiously enough, although it did start as a handkerchief, in latter times it was not carried in the hand. The Anglo-Saxons (those who could boast one) had it pinned to the left side of their cloaks or tunics, where it was conveniently at hand for an occasional wipe of the nose.

With customary brutal frankness, they called it a "sweat-cloth."

It was not, probably, until Queen Elizabeth's time that the handkerchief became not only a necessary article of dress among the more refined people, but was really carried in the hand.

Queen Bess herself carried handkerchiefs of coloured silk, or made of cambric edged with gold lace.

And, at that, they were intended for wiping sweat from the hands rather than for wiping the nose.

Some of the Elizabethan women—and their gallants, too—carried handkerchiefs embroidered with love-knots or the names of their sweethearts. The men also wore them in their hats as tokens of their ladies' favour.

The ordinary people still didn't feel any need for a handkerchief.

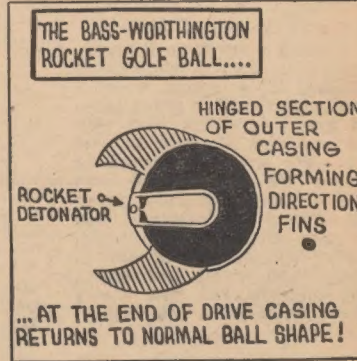
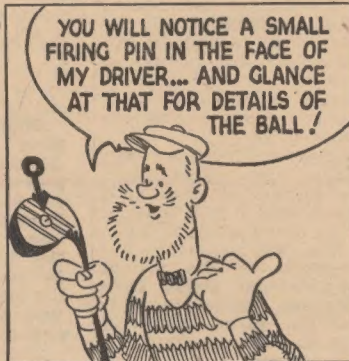
In later ages, the handkerchief was firmly established among the wealthier classes. Lace-bordered handkerchiefs of considerable size were used by the cavaliers of Stuart time, and, coming to the last century, they were part of the attire of every gentleman, even if they were not always used.

It was not, however, until quite recently that they were in use among all sections of the population, and became pocket-handkerchiefs.

Incidentally, if the Greeks or earlier Romans had had handkerchiefs, they couldn't have carried them in their pockets, for they had none.

The men used their girdles and the women their bosoms in which to carry round any possessions they might require for going abroad. The Anglo-Saxons had their pockets up their sleeves.

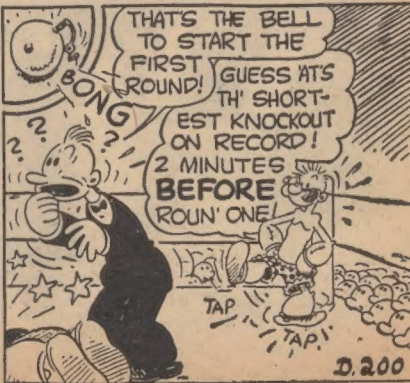
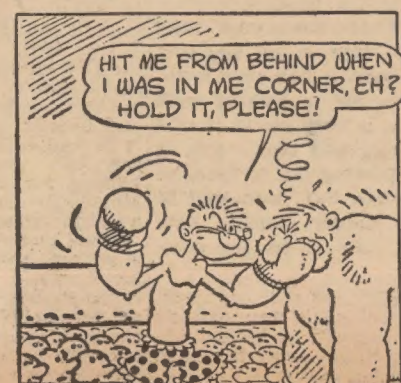
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 680

1. Behead an enclosure and get an era.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Royu stabek tup ni ial tond gegg eno.**

3. What is it that flies without wings, and can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **The — who wander over the plains bring wild apples and — to the fruit market.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 679

1. P-rove.

2. All's fair in love and war.

3. Tit, Linnet, Hawk.

4. Damsel, medals.

JANE

THE GOLDEN GALLEON

IRON AND CANNON SHELLS

(Continued from Page 2)

"The skipper? Oh, him. We'll never mind him. You see, there's a run of fish started up the Gulf and we can't wait. He'll come out on a tug later, deck and he was picking his teeth and we can pick him up. Send up as usual with the pin he kept under the signal."

"But our ice is all but gone," I jumped to my feet and went aft.

"Send up the signal, bosun," "Bosun," he said quietly. "We're goin' out. Get the pick up and send up the signal."

"After fish?" I grinned, "or the golden galleon? Say, Dave, the boys think—" "Is that so?" he interrupted. Then he stopped picking his teeth and looked at the wild waves that were piling up over the bar and at the grey, white-crested billows beyond.

"Maybe it will be fish," he said at last. "Send up the signal."

"What about the skipper?" I asked. "Is he comin' aboard soon to catch the tide?"

"Send up the signal, bosun," All right, it was his funeral. Who ever heard of a Gulf fishing clipper going off for a run which would last maybe two weeks, or three, or a month, without ice to keep her cargo fresh?

(To be continued).

Solution to Puzzle in No. 741.

1. p a C e s
2. t r U c e
3. p u t y
4. f a L s e
5. m e E t s
6. h u r r y
7. d r Y l y

FARM-WORKERS are likely to meet a bit of trouble now and again in the years ahead when they come across left-overs from the Battle of Britain and the blitzes.

Only the other day an oak tree which had been cut down near Ashford, Kent, was being sawn up at a mill when there was a loud explosion.

A cannon shell, embedded deep in the tree, had gone off. Luckily no one was hurt, but the circular saw was wrecked.

It isn't only the English countryside that has mementoes of this dangerous nature—far from it. When timber starts coming in from Europe and Scandinavia there may be similar trouble.

After the last war there were many instances of this, and a special clause was inserted into agreements allowing compensation to buyers of wood if bullets and shells caused damage to machinery or wounded workers.

Even in peace-time conditions, numerous queer pieces of iron are found in trees when they go to the saw-mills, staples, old horse-shoes, bits of chains, and so on.

These are sometimes discovered by the tree-fellers before the timber gets to the mills, but often there is a nerve-racking shriek as the fast-revolving saw comes up against one of these obstacles, with, sometimes, devastating results.

It is not often that a really interesting find is made when old trees are felled, but a few years ago woodmen discovered a knight in armour in the hollow bole of an ancient oak.

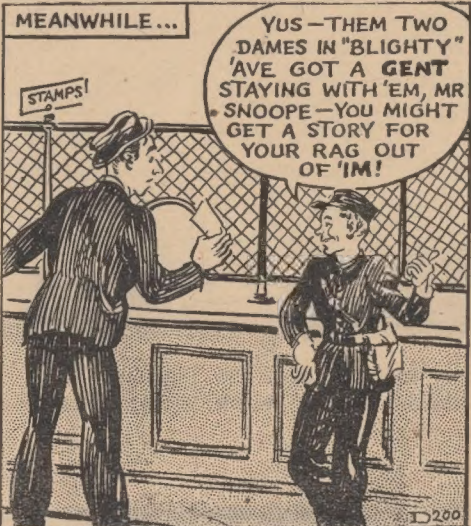
The knight was but a skeleton, and the armour had rusted away to such paper-like thinness that it crumpled at a touch.

It was never discovered who the unfortunate knight was, but it was assumed that he was wounded in some affray and climbed into the hollow oak to hide from enemies and was unable to get out again.

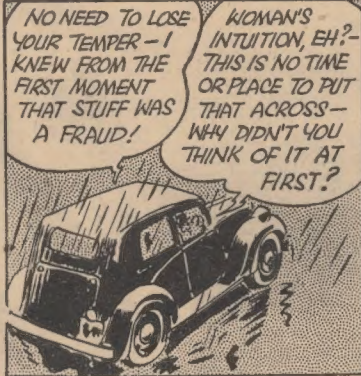
In turning up the soil, the ploughman of old battlefields comes across occasional relics of the fight. That wasn't so bad when they were left over from battles when sword and musket were the chief weapons, but in these times the farm-worker in the south-eastern counties is likely to dig up less-interesting but far more unpleasant reminders of war.

Fortunately the Germans did not use large quantities of anti-personnel bombs in their raids on England, otherwise farming might prove to be almost as dangerous as sailing in mined waters.

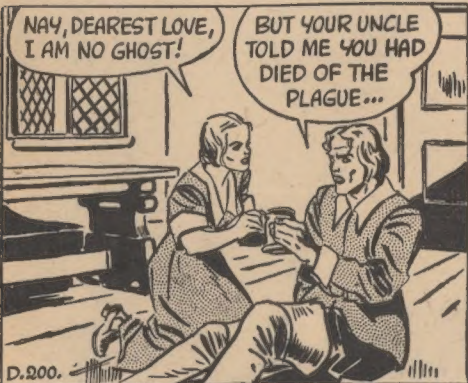
D. N. K. B.



RUGGLES



GARTH

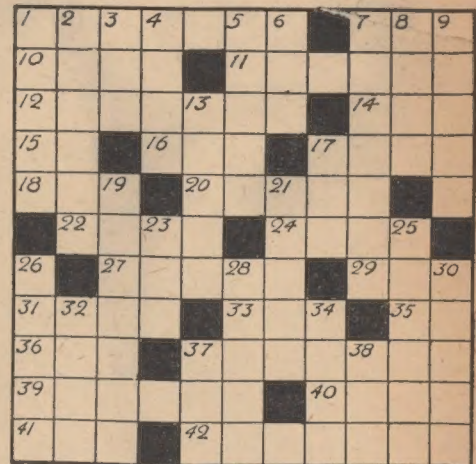


JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

BLACKEN JOB
IOWA REFUSE
SANDY TINTS
OF DAB RILE
N MIMES PET
CUE G PER
SAT TUTOR E
CLAD NUT AM
ALBUM BEDIM
RELOAD NOTE
FRY CONTEST



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Cited as model. 7 Boy's name. 10 Bathing place. 11 Plundering. 12 Hampshire town. 14 Promise. 15 At home. 16 Weight. 17 Fishy parts. 18 Paid up. 20 Lukewarm. 22 Sea movement. 24 Smoke. 27 Zest. 29 Society girl. 31 Pain. 33 Hot spot. 35 Artist. 36 Nonsense. 37 Challenging. 39 Coin. 40 Plane. 41 Firmament. 42 Nimble beasts.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Demand. 2 Songbird. 3 Tot. 4 Fertilizer. 5 Girl's name. 6 Vehicle. 7 Split. 8 Presently. 9 Informative. 13 Opinions. 17 Cry of disapproval. 19 Tense. 21 Evidence. 23 Exactly. 25 Central part. 26 Poets. 28 Yonder. 30 Restrains. 32 Bake. 34 Boring pieces. 37 Crow. 38 Remain.



ATHLETIC TYPE.— Dona Drake dances, swims, and (as you can see) does a neat hand-stand. She also sings and plays every musical instrument in the band. Great work, Dona. Let's see you do a hand-stand playing the bassoon!



RESTFUL TYPE.— Cheryl Walker looks decorative, delectable, delightful. She can lie on her tummy (as you can see), sprawl in a deck-chair, sit demurely at a dance. O.K., Cheryl, let's see you sprawl demurely in a deck-chair!